

LOYAL SONGS.

THE VOICE OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

Tune—"Hearts of Oak."

AWAY, my brave boys! haste away to the shore;
Our foes, the base French, boast they're straight coming o'er,
To murder, and plunder, and ravish, and burn—
Let them come—we'll take care they shall never return;
For around all our shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight for our Liberty, Laws, and our King.

They boast in the dark they will give us the slip;
The attempt may procure them a dangerous dip;
Our bold Tars are watching in Ocean's green lap,
To give them a long *Jacobinical nap*.*
But should they steal over, with one voice we'll sing,
United, we're ready, &c.

They knew that united, we sons of the waves
Would ne'er bow to Frenchmen, nor grovel like slaves;
So ere they durst venture to touch on our strand,
They sent black Sedition to poison our land.
But around all our shores now the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

They swore we were slaves, were all lost and undone;
That a Jacobin nostrum, as sure as a gun,
Would make us all equal, and happy, and free;
'Twas only to dance round their Liberty's tree.
No, no! round our shores let the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

'Twas only to grant them the kiss call'd fraternal—
A kiss which all Europe has found most infernal;
And then they maintain'd the effect could not miss—
We should all be as blest as the Dutch and the Swiss!
No, no! round our shores let the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

With lies, and with many a Gallican wile,
They spread their dire poison o'er Erin's green Isle;
But now each *filialah* is ready to thwack,
And baste the lean ribs of the Gallican Quack.
All around Erin's shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

Stout Sandy, our brother, with heart and with hand,
And his well-try'd *Glengmore*, joins the patriot band.
Now Jack, Pat, and Sandy thus cordial agree,
We sons of the waves shall for ever be free,
While around all our shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

As they could not deceive, they now threaten to pour
Their hosts on our land, to lay waste and devour;
To drench our fair fields and our cities in gore,
Nor cease to destroy till Britannia's no more.
Let them come if they dare—hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

My sweet rosy Nan is a true British wife,
And loves her dear Jack as the loves her own life;
Yet the girls on my sword, and smiles while I glow,
To meet the proud French, and to lay their heads low;
And chants 'tween each bul, while the notes loudly ring,
My Jack, thou art ready!
Steady, boy, steady,
Go fight for thy Liberty, Laws, and thy King.

And Ned, my brave lad, with a true British heart,
Has forsaken his plough, has forsaken his cart;
E'en Dolly has quitted, to dig in a trench,
All, all for the sake of a cut at the French;
While he sings all day long, let the notes loudly ring,
I'm ready, I'm ready!
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight for my Liberty, Laws, and my King.

Away then, my boys! haste away to the shore,
Our foes, the base French, boast they're straight coming o'er,
To murder, and plunder, and ravish, and burn—
They may come—but, by Jove, they shall never return;
For around all our shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight for our Liberty, Laws, and our King!

* "Death is an eternal sleep."—*Vide Robespierre's Decree.*

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THE TRUE BRITON.

Tune—"Hearts of Oak."

COME, cheer up, my friends, let's together unite,
For our Country, our King, and our Altars to fight;
Whilst our Tars sweep the ocean, our troops line the shore,
Let the Frenchmen but face us—we'll ask for no more.
Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly Tars are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

If we to ourselves and each other prove true,
Those pretenders to reason we soon shall subdue,
And the Confular Monster may threaten in vain,
For Britannia will ever rule over the main.
Thus the glory of Old England we'll ever maintain,
In her defence always ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

With Religion to guard us, with Laws we revere,
With a Monarch we love, and a God whom we fear;
Shall the slaves of vile despots with freemen contend,
Who've such blessings to fight for, such rights to defend?
And these blessings and rights with our lives to maintain,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

Let them boast, if they will, of some victories gain'd,
Of their murders committed, and plunder obtain'd;
'Twas by gold or by art they these triumphs achiev'd,
Help'd by traitors they paid, or by fools they deceiv'd;
And if any such wretches in this land now remain,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight them, and to conquer again and again.

Then give for Old England a loud hearty cheer:
Here's a halter for those who would welcome them here;
Let us join hearts and hands then, and merrily sing—
"Rule, Britannia, for ever!" and "God save the King!"
And that he may long continue o'er the Empire to reign,
In peace and tranquillity,
To preserve which we're ready
To fight and to conquer again and again.

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